

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS



The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day.

The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts
And took them quite away.

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts
And beat the Knave full sore.

The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts
And vowed he'd steal no more.

*How was the
trial...?*



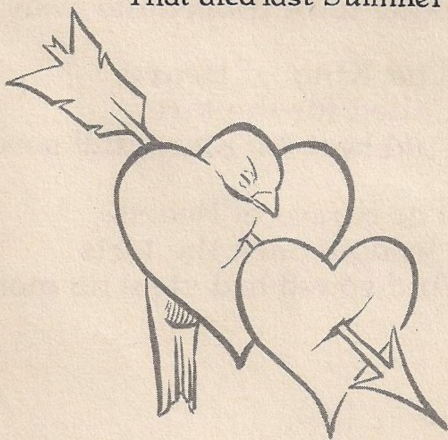
*Oh...fair, just fair..
It was like this....*





THE TRIAL AND THE TARTS

"There was a little
One-eyed gunner
Who killed all the birds
That died last Summer"*



*"Whether this is so or not is not
verifiable. However, it is known that
such birds as died are indeed dead."

International doctrine.

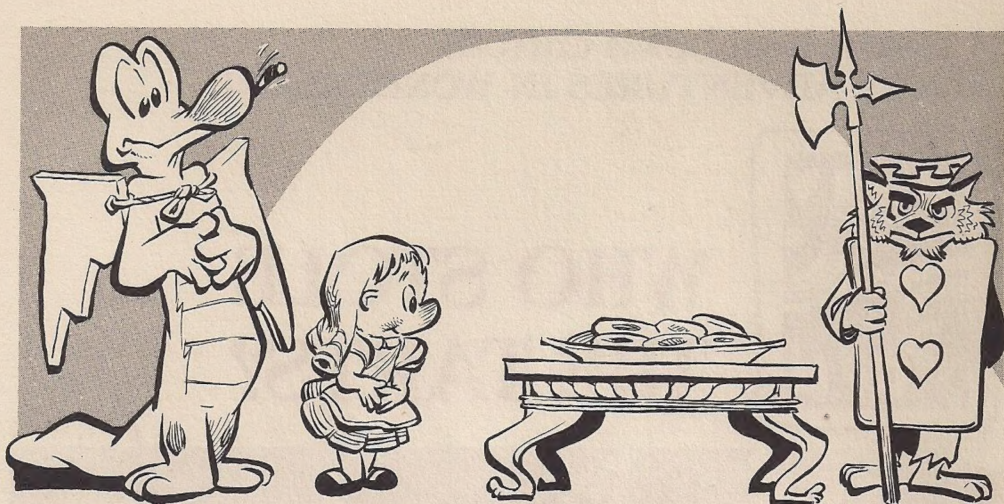
A Report from Lewis Carroll's
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND



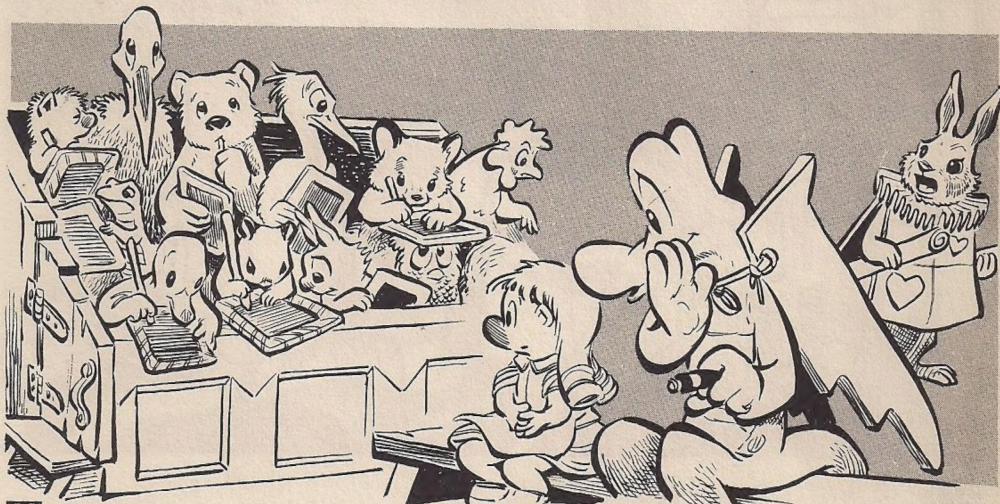
WHO STOLE THE TARTS?



The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other.



In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it: they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them—"I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments." But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything about her to pass away the time.

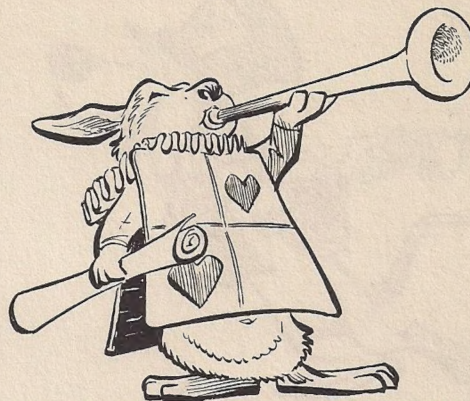


The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

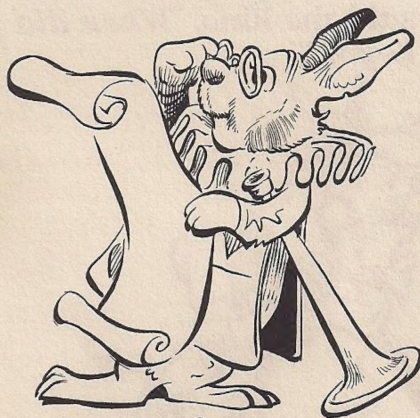
"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud indignant voice, but she stopped herself hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in the Court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.



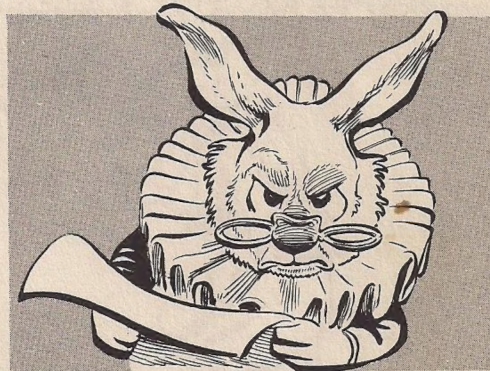
"Herald, read the accusation!"
said the King.



On this the White Rabbit blew
three blasts on the trumpet,
and then unrolled the parchment
scroll, and read as follows:



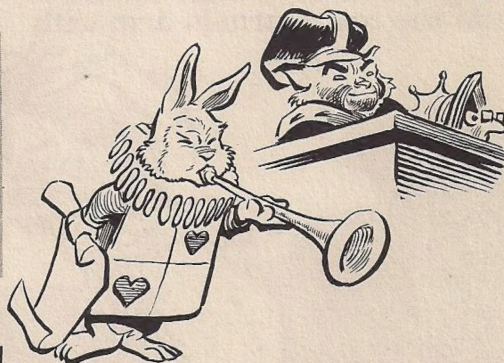
*"The Queen of Hearts, she
made some tarts,
All on a summer day:*



*"The Knave of Hearts, he
stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!"*



"Consider your verdict," the King
said to the jury.
"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily
interrupted, *"There's a great
deal to come before that!"*



"Call the first witness," said the
King; and the White Rabbit blew
three blasts on the trumpet, and
called out, *"First witness!"*



The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. *"I beg pardon, your majesty,"* he began, *"for bringing*



these in, but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for." *"You ought to have finished,"* said the King. *"When did you begin?"*



The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with



the Dormouse. *"Fourteenth of March, I think it was,"* he said.



"Fifteenth," said the March Hare. *"Sixteenth,"* added the Dormouse.



"Write that down," the King said to the jury, and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.



"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

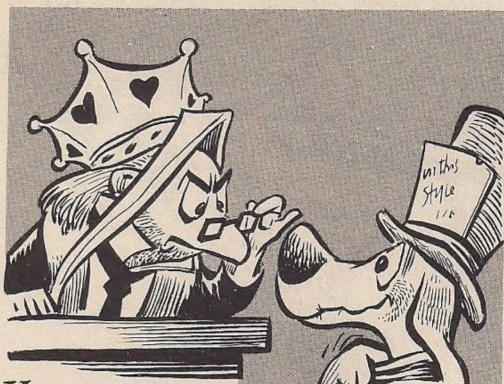
"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.



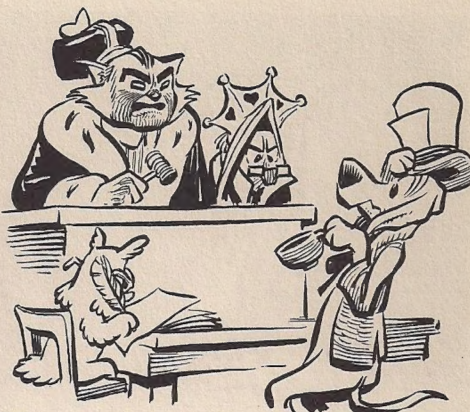
"Stolen!" the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.



"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation, *"I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."*



Here the Queen put on her spectacles and began staring hard at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.



"Give your evidence," said the King, "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."



This did not seem to encourage the witness at all; he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen,



and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.



"I'm a poor man, your majesty," the Hatter began in a trembling voice, "and I hadn't but just begun my tea—not above a



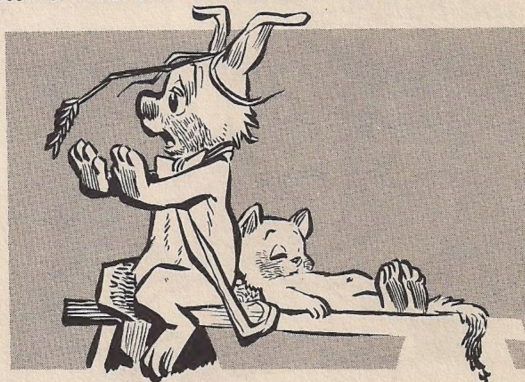
week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea—"



"The twinkling of what?" said the King. "It began with the tea," the Hatter replied.



"Of course twinkling begins with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on."



"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said—"

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

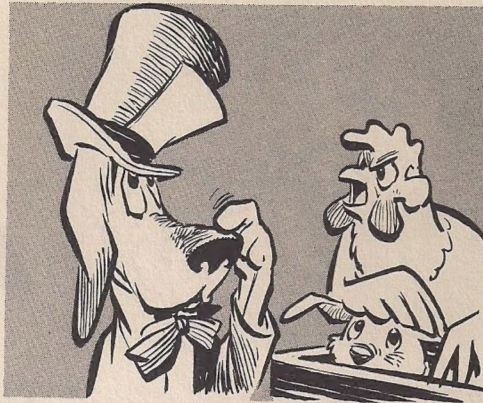


"I deny it," said the March Hare. "He denies it," said the King: "leave out that part."

"Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said—" the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too; but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.



"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-and-butter—"



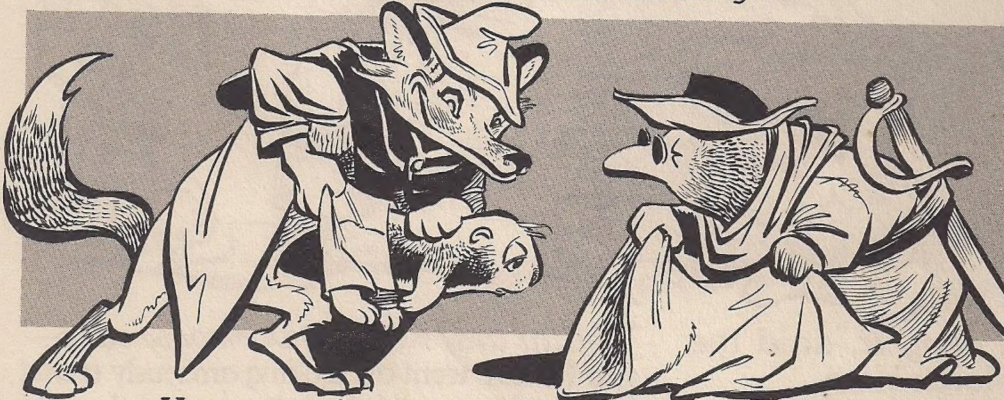
"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury asked. "That I can't remember," said the Hatter.



"You must remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed." The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and



went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your majesty," he began. "You're a very poor speaker," said the King.



Here one of the guinea pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court.



"If that's all you know about it, you may stand down," continued the King.



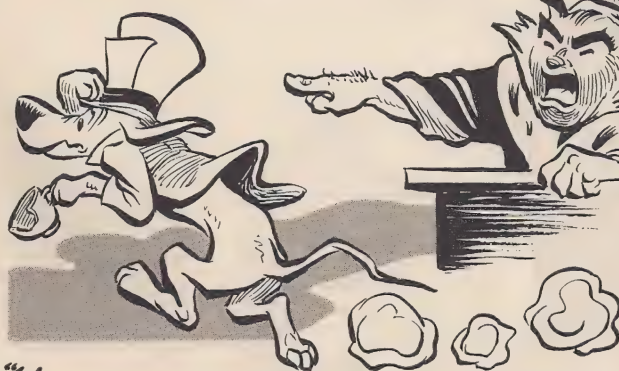
"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter, "I'm on the floor, as it is." "Then you may sit down," the King replied.



Here the other guinea pig cheered and was suppressed. "I'd rather finish my tea," said



the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.



"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



"And just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the officers; but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.



"Call the next witness,"
said the King.



The next witness was
the Duchess' cook.



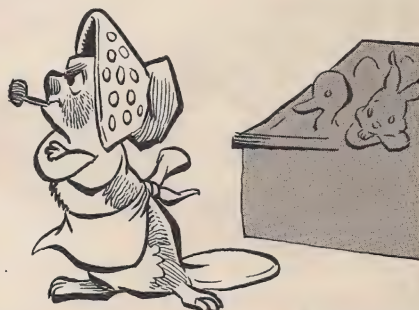
"Give your evidence," said the King.
"Shan't," said the cook.
The King looked anxiously at the



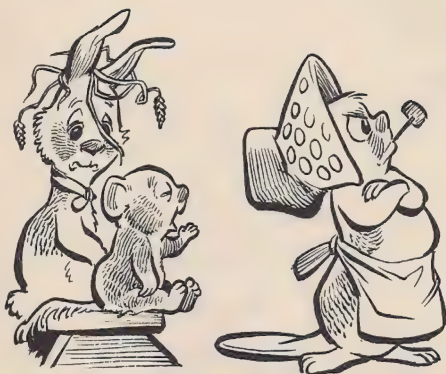
White Rabbit, who said in a
low voice, *"Your majesty must
cross-examine this witness."*



"Well, if I must, I must," the King
said with a melancholy air, and, after
folding his arms and frowning at



the cook till his eyes were nearly
out of sight, he said in a deep
voice, *"What are tarts made of?"*



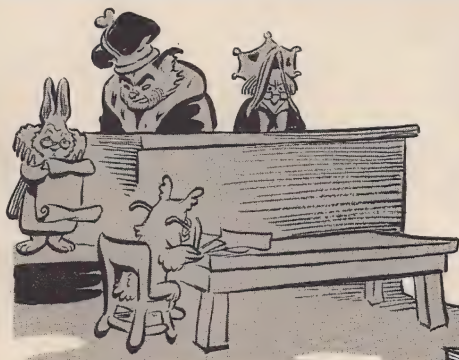
"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.
 "Treadle," said a sleepy voice behind her. "Collar that Dormouse!" the Queen shrieked out. "Behead that

Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!"



For some minutes the whole court was in confusion getting the Dormouse turned out, and,

by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.



"Never mind," said the King, with an air of great relief. "Call the next witness." Alice watched the

White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list. Imagine her surprise, when he read out the name, "Alice!"



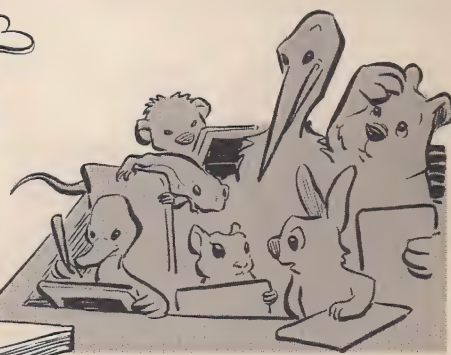
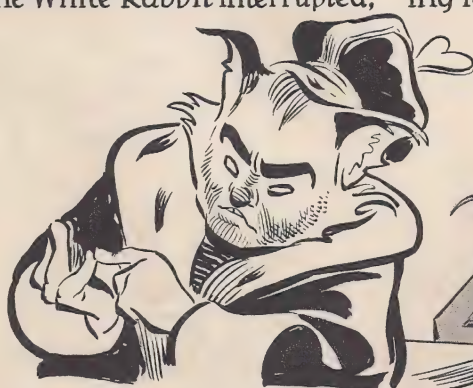
"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.
"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing whatever?" persisted the King.
"Nothing whatever," said Alice.



"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted;

"Unimportant, your majesty means, of course," he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.



"Unimportant, of course, I meant," the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone. *"important—unimportant—unimportant—important—"*

as if he were trying which word sounded best. Some of the jury wrote it down *"important"* and some of them *"unimportant."*

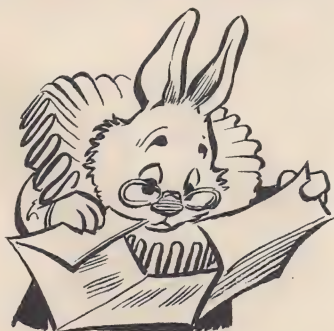


"There's more evidence to come yet, please your majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry, "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."



"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen. "It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit, "in fact, there's nothing written on the outside." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "it isn't a letter after all, it's a set of verses."



"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen. "No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)



"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)



"Please your majesty," said the Knave. "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse."

You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

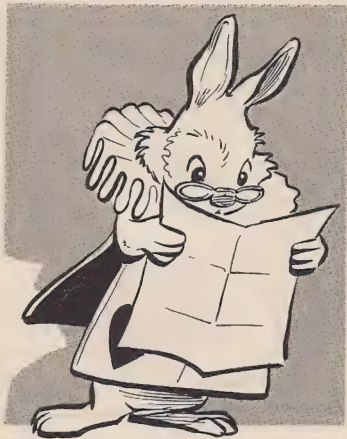


"That proves his guilt," said the Queen. "It proves nothing of the sort," said

Alice. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"



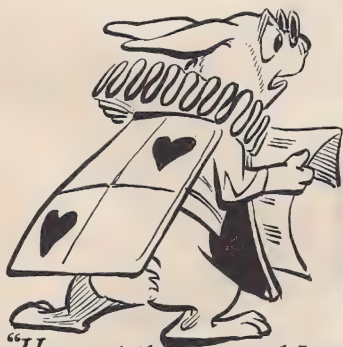
"Read them," said the King. The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your majesty?" he asked. "Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."



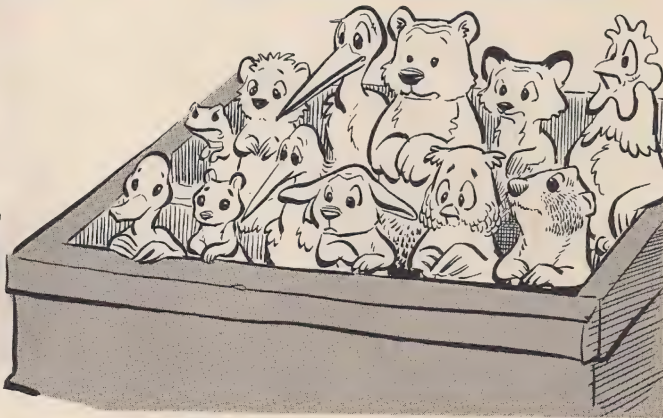
*"They told me that you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him.*



*"She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.*



*"He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true:)"*



*"If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?"*



*"I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;*



*"They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.*



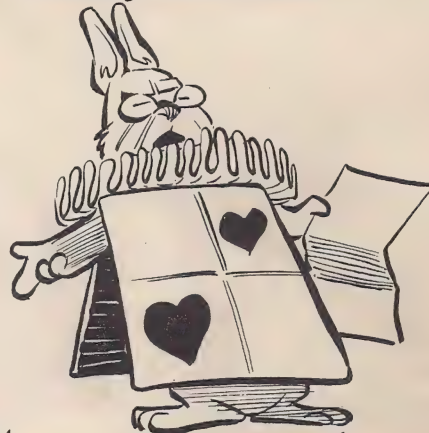
*"If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,*



*"He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.*



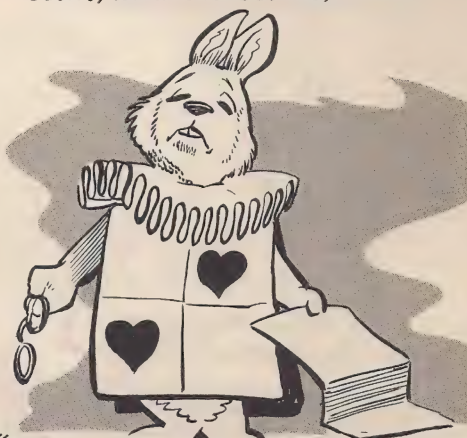
*"My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)*



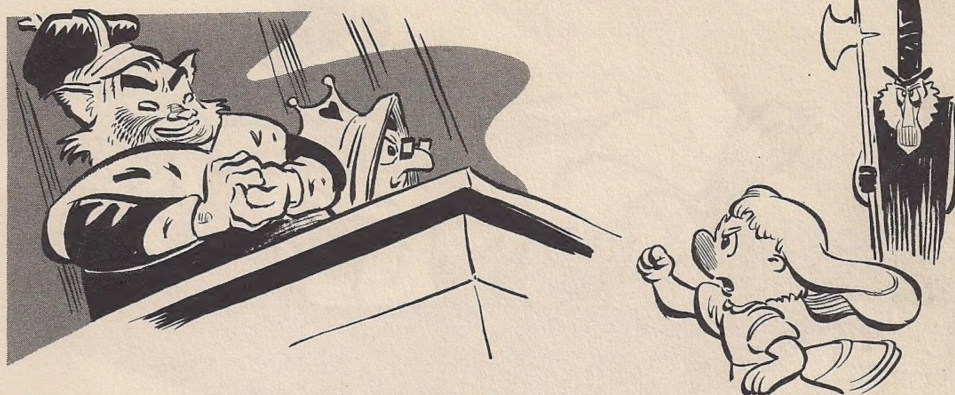
*"An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.*



*"Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be*



*"A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."*



"The most important evidence yet," said the King, rubbing his hands, "so now let the jury—"

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice, "I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."



The jury all wrote down on their slates, *"She doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it,"* but none of them attempted to explain the paper. *"If there's no meaning in it,"* said the



King, *"that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know,"* he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye;



"I seem to see some meaning in them, after all—'said I could not swim'—you can't swim, can you?"

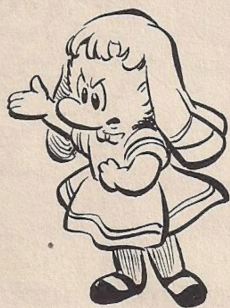


he added, turning to the Knave. The Knave shook his head sadly.



"All right, so far," said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: "We know it to be true"—that's the jury,

of course—I gave her one, they gave him two—why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—"



"But it goes on 'they all returned from him to you,'" said Alice.

"Why, there they are!" said the King, triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table.



"Nothing can be clearer than that. Then again—'before she had this fit'—you never had

fits, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

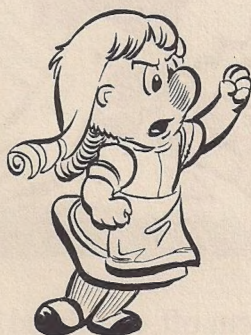
"Never!" said the Queen, furiously.



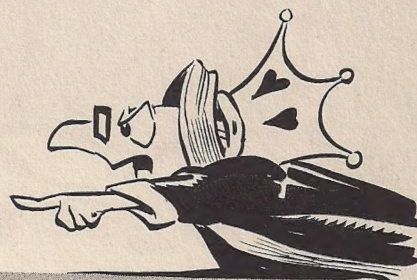
"Then the words don't fit you," the court with a smile.
 said the King, looking round There was a dead silence.



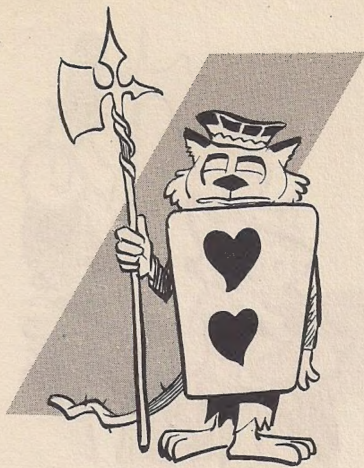
"It's a pun," the King added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed.
"Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said for about the twentieth time that day. *"No, no!"* said the Queen,
"Sentence first—verdict afterward."



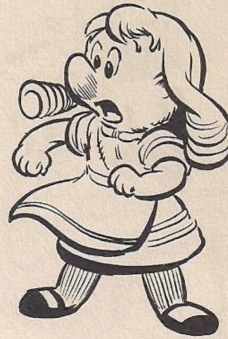
"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly.
"The idea of having the sentence first!" *"Hold your tongue!"* said the



Queen, turning purple. *"I won't!"* said Alice. *"Off with her head!"* the Queen shouted at the top of her voice.



Nobody moved.



*"Who cares for you?" said Alice,
"You're nothing but a pack of cards!"*



At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried

to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.